

Songsters Favorite,

CONTAINING

The Following Choice SONGS:

MY MAN JOHN,
The Lover and Shepherds,
Anna,
Willy's Rare, and Willy's Fair,
The Dusky Night,
The Banks of the Dee,
Celia's Complaint,
O the Days that I was Young,
Guardian Angels,
The Jolly Gypsies,

Miss Roach and Jack Ran's parting,
SPORTING JENNY,
The Maidens Lamentation
The Mossy Brook,
The Jolly Follow,
I had nought else to do,
The Golden Shower,
A Hunting Song,
The Capricious Lovers,
Rosline Cattle.

Sold at the PRINTING-OFFICE, in RUSSEL-COURT,
DRURY-LANE.

MY MAN JOHN

MY Man John, with his long
coat on,
See how he trips it over yonder stile,
For I will so follow him,
And I will so follow him,
That you shall hear me more than a
mile.

The other evening a coming from
hay-making,
As luck would have it my garter it
down,
Tye it up he swore he would,
Do what ere I could,
And in the fields he would give me a
green gown.

When our squire I met, he look'd so
wonderous neat,
With his white hands, and with his
tallow fece,
He praises my breast and chin,
And tumbles my cap so clean,
And says if I'll go with him he'll buy
me silks and lace.

But I fear roughish pranks.
And I hate his spindle shanks,
What girl on earth can like such a
man as he,
No, no before I'll go,
With such a dirty beau,
John tho' a clown is the man for me.

ONE day by chance I met with my
love,
Whom I so highly priz'd,
Beneath the hills and shady groves,
Just as the sun did rise,
Where the birds they sing melodious
notes,

And so pleasant was the air,
Where there was none but she and I
All among the lillies fair.

It's over the dewy grass she tript,
Where she seem'd to be coy,
I went up to her and thus I did say,
My dear and only joy,
What brings you here so soon this way
Your journey to pursue,
Before bright phœbus golden rays
Dries up the morning dew.

It's I am going to feed my flocks,
My ewes and tender lambs,
Beneath the hills and shady groves,
Lay sporting with their dams,
Where we may live in sweet content,
And pleasures we'll renew,
So heart and hand away they went,
Their tender flocks to view.

A N N A.



SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
Pray have you seen my Anna,
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna?

For her my home forlook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, and crooki
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er.

From gladness chang'd to mourning
Whether my charmer are you flown,
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah woe! for me perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever.

WITH tuneful pipe and merr
gleo,

Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther swain you could na le,
All beauty without art.
Willy's rare and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny,
And Willy says he'll marry me,
Gin ere he'll marry any.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pulled you the rose or lilly,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

Willy's rare, &c.
Since now the trees are in their bloom
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And flowers spread o'er all the fields,
And lead him to my summer shield.
Willy's rare, &c.

The D U S K Y N I G H T.

A Favorite Hunting Song.

THE dusky night rides down the
sky,

And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman wind, his horn.

Then a hunting let us go, &c.
The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear it hails, it rain it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go, &c.
The uncavern'd fox like light'ning
flies,

His cunning's all awake,
In vain the race heeager tries,
His forfeit life's the stake.

When a hunting we do go, &c.
Arous'd, even Echo, huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns
The chase can never cloy.

Then a hunting we will go, &c.

The JOLLY FELLOW.

WITH an honest old friend, and
a merry old song,
And a flask of good port, let me sit
the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those that
repine,
That they must swig porter, whilst I
can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly
estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a
curse,
Is poorness in spirit, not poorness in
purse.

Then dare to be generous, daunt-
less and gay;
Let's merrily pass life's remainder
away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes
may despise.

For the more we are envied, the high-
er we rise.

I HAD NOUGHT ELSE TO DO.

THE summer was over, my flocks
was all shorn,
My meadows were mow'd, and my
hous'd all my corn,
Fair Phillida's cottage was just in my
view,
A wooing I went—I had nought else
to do:

On Flora's soft lap together we sat,
And spent some long hours in amorous
chat.

I told her I lov'd, and I hop'd she
lov'd too.

Then kiss'd her sweet lips—I had
nought else to do,
I had nought else to do,

Then kiss'd her sweet lips—I had
nought else to do.

She hang down her head on with

blushes reply'd,

I love you, but first you must make
me your bride,

Without hesitation I made her a vow,
To make her my wife—I had nought
else to do,

To the village in quest of a priest we
did roam,

By fortune's decree the grave don was
at home,

I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
He married us then—he had nought
else to do.

E'er since we've been happy, with
peace and content,

Nor taste the sorrows of those who
repent,

Our neighbours all round us we love,
and 'tis true,

Each other besides—when we've
nought else to do.

With Phoebus the toils of the day we
begin,

I shepherd my flocks, while she sits
down to spin,

Our cares thus domestic we'll ardent
pursue,

And ever will love—when we've
nought else to do.

The GOLDEN SHOWER.

WHEN love and youth

Could not make way,
Nor with the fair prevail,

To bend to Cupid's gentle sway,
What art must then prevail.

I tell you Strephon to accept
Of a most sovereign power.

If you the rebborn would defeat,
Let's drop a golden shower.

This method try'd, enamour'd love
Before he could obtain

The cold and useless dame of love,
I conquer'd her disdain.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wound a heart

So deep as when he to cold wits
That satir pointed dart,

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE,

BRIGHT dawns the the day, with
rosy face,

What calls the hunter's to the chase.

AIR.

With musical horn,

Salute the gay morn,

These jolly companions to cheer;

With enlivening sounds,

Encourage your hounds,

To rival the speed of the deer.

Would you find out his last,

To the woodlands repair,

Hark, hark! "he's unharbour'd"
they cry;

Then fleet o'er the plain,

We gallop amain,

All, all is a transport of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,

Thro' forests and floods,

The flag flies as swift as the wind;

The welkin resounds,

With the cry of the hounds,

That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care,

Pale grief and despair,

We ride in oblivion of fear,

Vexation and pain,

We leave to the train

Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the flag stands at bay,

The pack's at a stay,

Then eagerly seize on the prize;

The welkin resounds,

To the chorus of hounds,

Shrill horns, winds his knell—and
he dies.

The CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,

As thus—a decent blind,

Between, he flicks to peep at man,

Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,

Resentment's in the snap;

A frown expresses strong disdain,

Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,

All modes of female art,

And to advantage sweetly shews

The hard if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptic, first design'd

By love's capricious boy,

Who knows how lightly all mankind

Are govern'd by a toy.

ROSLINE CASTLE.

TWAS in that season of the year,

When all things gay and sweet
appear,

That Colin with the morning ray,

Arose and sung his usual lay,

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,

The hills and dales with Nanny rung.

While Rosline castle heard the swain

And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake sweet muse, breathing ring

With rapture swains, awake and sing

Awake and join the vocal throng,

Who hail the morning with a song.

To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,

O bid her haste and come away.

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,

And add new graces to the morn,

O hark my love on every spray,

Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay,

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throd,

And love inspires the melting song,

Then let my raptur'd notes arise,

For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes

And love my rising bosom warms,

And fills my soul with sweet alarms

O come my love thy Colin's lay.

With rapture calls. O come away.

While the muse this wreath shall twine

Around that modest brow of thine,

O hither haste and with the bring

That beauty blooming like the spring

Those graces that divinely shine,

And charm this wish'd breast of mine

kind

E.

ar,

sweet

fung,

cung,

wain,

ain.

ring

fing,

ong,

ay,

ay,

rodg,

ong,

e,

eyes,

ns,

arms

ay,

ay,

twi

ine,

ng,

spring

ce,

of mit